LOVE IN THE DIVIDE.

A Tale of Western Pioneering and Quick Romance.

By Bret Harte.

With the lulling of the wind toward evening It came on to snow-heavily, in straight, quickly succeeding flakes, dropping like white lances from the sky. This was followed by the usual Sterran phenomenon. The deep gorge, which, as the sun went down, had lapsed into darkness, presently began to reappear; at first the vanished trail came back as a vividly whitening streak in the night; then the larches and pines that ascended from it like buttresses against the hillsides glimmered in ghostly distinctness, until at last the two slopes curved out of the Ckness as if hewn in marble. For the sudden storm, which extended scarcely two miles, had left no trace upon the steep granite face of the high cliffs above, the snew slipping silently from them left them still hidden in the obscurity of night. In the vanished landscape the gorge alone stood out, set in a chaos of cloud and storm through which the moonbeams

struggled ineffectually. It was this unexpected sight which burst upon the occupants of a large covered "station wagon" who had chanced upon the lower end of the gorge. Coming from a still lower slittude they had known nothing of the storm which had momentarily ceased, but had left a record of intensity in nearly two feet of snow. For some moments the horses floundered and struggled on, in what the travellers believed to be some old forgotten drift or avalanche, until the extent and freshness of the fall becsme apparent. To add to their difficulties the storm recommenced, and not comprehending its real character and limit they did not dare to attempt to return the way they came. To go on, however, was impossible. In this quandary they looked about them in vain for some other exit form the gorge. The sides of that gigantic white furrow terminated in darkness. Hemmed in from the world in all directions, it might have been their tomb.

But although they could see nothing beyond their prison waits, they themselves were perfectly visible from the heights above them. And Jack Tenbrook, quartz miner, who was indicated the state of all the way they smilling and special such as the control of the party, a youngla and it has a way responded effusively. Nevertheless, they can lady had expecially noted Jack's confession that he had seen them when they first entered the gorge. "And I suppose the propose of the fall becsme application of the party, a youngla and security. The story of the party, a youngla and security and the driver and the second man of the party, a youngla had somewhat undistinctive individual, but to whose gallant anxieties. Miss Amy responded effusively. Nevertheless, they can late the party and the driver and the second man of the party, a youngla and security and the second man of the party, a youngla had somewhat undistinctive individual, but to whose gallant anxieties. Miss Amy responded effusively. Nevertheless, they can late the party and the second man of the party, a youngla had the second of the party, a youngla had the It was this unexpected sight which burst upon

And Jack Tenbrook, quartz miner, who was sinking a tunnel in the rocky ledge of shelf above the gorge, stepping out from his cabin at 10 o'clock to take a look at the weather before . turning in, could observe distinctly the outline of the black wagon, the floundering horses and the crouching figures by their side, scarcely larger than pigmics on the white surface of apow a thousand feet below him. Jack had courage and strength and the good humor that accompanies them, but he contented himself for a few moments with lazily observing the travellers' discomfiture. He had taken in the situation with a glance; he would have beiped a brother miner or moun-taineer, although he knew that it could only have been drink or bravado that brought him into the gorge in a snow storm, but it was very evident that these were "greenhorns," or Eastern tourists, and it served their stupidity and arrogance right! He remembered also how he having once helped an Eastern visitor catch the mustang that had "bucked" him, had been called "my man," and presented with \$5; he recalled how he had once spread the humble resources of his cabin before some straying members of the San Francisco party who were 'opening" the new railroad, and heard the audible wonder of a lady that a civilized being could live so "ccarsely!" With these recollections in his mind he managed to survey the distant strugging horses with a fine sense of huunmixed with self-righteousness. There was no real danger in the situation; it meant at the worst a delay and a camping in the snow till morning, when he would go down to their assistance. They had a spacious travelling equipage, and were, no doubt, well supplied with furs, robes, and provisions for a several hours' journey; his own pork barrel was quite empty and his blankets worn. He half smiled, extending his long arms in a decided vawn, and turned back into his cabin to go to bed. Then he cast a final glance around the interior. Everything was all right; his loaded rifle stood against the wall; he had just raked ashes over the embers of his fire to keep it intact till morning. Only one thing slightly troubled him: a grizzly bear, two-thirds grown, but only half tamed, which had been given to him by a young lady named "Miggles," when that charming and historic girl had decided to accompany her paralytic lover to the San Francisco hospital, was missing that evening. It had been its regular habit to come to the door every night for some sweet biscuit or sugar before gocabin. Everybody knew it along the length and breadth of Hemlock Hidge, as well as the fact of its being a legacy of the fair exile. No rifle had ever yet been raised against his lazy bulk, or the stupid, small-eyed head, and ruff of circling hairs made more erect by its well-worn leather collar. Consoling himself with the thought that the storm had probably delayed its return, Jack took off his coat and threw it on his bunk. But from thinking of the storm his thoughts naturally returned again to the impeded travellers below him, and he half me-chanically stepped out again in his shirt sleeves

for a final look at them.

But here something occurred that changed his resolution entirely. He had previously noticed only the three foreshortened, crawling figures around the now stationary wagon bulk. They were now apparently making arrangements to camp for the night. But another figure had been added to the group, and as it stood perched upon a wagon seat laid on the snow Jack could see its outline was not bifurcated like the others! But even that general suggestion was not needed; the little head, the symmetrical curves visible even at that distance were quite enough to indicate that it was a woman! The easy smile faded from lack's face, and was succeeded by a look of concern and then of resignation. He had no choice now; he must go! There was a woman there, and that settled it. Yet he had arrived at this conclusion from no sense of gallantry, nor, indeed, of chivairous transport, but as a matter of simple duty to the sex. He was giving up his aleep, was going down a thousand feet of steep trail to offer his services during the rest of the night as simply as an Fastern man would have offered his seat in an omnibus to a woman. Having resumed his coat, with a bottle of whiskey thrust into his pocket, he put on a pair of India rubber boots reaching to his thighs, and, catching the bianket from his bunk, started with an are and shovel on his shoulder on his downward journey. When the distance was half completed he shoulded to the travellers below; the cry was loyously answered by the three men; he saw the fourth figure, now unmistakably that of a slender, youthful woman, in a cloak, helped back into the wagon, as if deliverance was now sure and immediate, But Jack on arriving speedily dissipated that illusive hope; they could only get through the gorge by taking off the wheels of the wagon, placing the axic on rude sledge runners of spilit saplings, which, with their assistance, he would face, and was succeeded by a look of concern illusive bope; they could only get through the gorge by taking off the wheels of the wagon, placing the axis on rude sledge runners of split splitings, which, with their assistance, he would fashion in a couple of hours at his cabin and bring down to the gorge. The only other alternative would be for them to come to his cabin and remain there while he went for assistance to the nearest station, but that would take several hours and necessitate a double journey for the sledge if he was locky enough to find one. The party quickly acquiesced in Jack's first suggestion.

"Very well," asid Jack, "then there's no time to be lost; unhitch your horses and we'll dig a hole in that bank for them to stand in

"Very well," asid Jack, "then there's no time to be lost: unhitch your horses and we'll dig a hole in that bank for them to stand in out of the anow." This was speedily done. "Now," continued Jack, "you'll just follow me up to my cabin; it's a preity touch climb, but I'll want help to bring down the runners." Here the man who seemed to be the hard of the party—of middle age and a superior professional type—for the first time hesitated. "I lorgot to say that there is a lady with us—my daughter, "he began, glancing toward the wagon, "I reckoned as much," Interrupted Jack, simply; "and I allowed to carry her up myself the roughest part of the way. She kin make herself warm and comt'ble in the cabin until we've got the runners ready."

"You hear what our friend saye, Amy?" suggested the gentleman, appealing to the closed leather curtains of the wagon. "You hear what our friend says, Amy?" suggested the gentleman, appealing to the closed leather curtains of the wagon.

There was a pause. The curtain was suddenly drawn aside, and a charming little head and 25-815-22 Torred to the throat and topped with a bewitching velvet cap, were thrust out. In the obscurity little could be seen of the girl's features, but there was a certain wilfulness and innationed in her attitude. Being in the shadow, she had the advantage of the others, particularly Jack, as his figure was fully revealed in the moonlight against the snowhank. Her eyes rested for a moment on his high boots, his heavy mustache, so long as to mingle with his unkempt locks, which fell over his broad shoulders, on his hade rich hands, streaked with black grease

from the wagon wheels, and some blood, staunched with snow, drawn from bruises in cutting out brambles in the brush, or-more awful than all—a monstrous, shiny "specimen" gold ring encircling one of his fingers on the whiskey bottle that shamelessly bulged from his side pocket, and then—slowly dropped her dissatisfied eyellds.

"Why can't I stay here?" she said, languidly.
"It's quite nice and comfortable."

"Because we can't leave you alone, and we must go with this gentleman to help him."

Miss Amy let the the tail of her eye again creep shudderingly over this gentleman Jack.
"I thought the—the gentleman was going to help us," she said, dryly.
"Nonease, Amy, you don't understand. This gentleman is kind enough to offer to make some sledge-runners for us at his cablu, and we must help him."
"But I can stay here while you go. I am not

help him."
"But I can stay here while you go, I am not

"But I can stay here while you go. I am not afraid."

"Yes, but you're alone here, and something might happen."
Nothing could happen," interrupted Jack quickly and cheeffully. He had flushed at first, but he was now considering that the carrying of a lady as expensively attired and apparently as delicate and particular as this one, might be somewhat difficult. "There's nothin that would nurt ye here," he continued, addressing the velvet cap and furred throat in the darkness, "and if there was it couldn't get at ye, bein', so to speak, in the same sort of fix as you. So you're all right," he added positively. Inconsistently enough, the young lady did not accept this as gratefully as might have been imagined, but Jack did not see the slight finsh of her eye as, ignoring him, she replied to her father: "I'd much rather stop here, papa."

"And," continued Jack, turning also to her father: "you can keep the wagon and the whole gorge in sight from the trail all the way up. So you can see that everything's all right. Why, I saw you from the first." He stopped awkward-ly and added. "Ome alone, the seaper we're

nothire was never the same on the great plains where men and cities always boomed into such reliculous proportions when the Great Mother raised herself to comfort them with smiling hillsides or encompassed them and drew them close in the loving arms of mountains. The long white canada stretched before her in a purity that did not seem of the carth; the vague built of the mountains rose on either side of her in a mystery that was not of this life. Yet it was not oppressive; neither was its restfulness and quiet suggestive of obliviousness and slumber; on the contrary, the highly rarefield air seemed to give additional kenniess to her senses; her bearing had become singularly acute; her eyesight pierced the uttermost extremits of the gorge, in by the full moon that occasionally shone through slowly drifting clouds. Her nerves thrilled with a delicious sense of freedom and a strange desire to run or citie. It is seemed to her, in her exalted fancy, that these solitudes should be peopled only by a kingly race, and not by such gross and material churis as this mountaineer who helped them. And, I grieve to say—writing of a sentimentalist that was and a heroine that is to beshe was getting outraceons by hungry.

There were a few biscults in her travelling bag, and she remembered that she had been presented with a small jar of Californa honey at San Jose. These she took out and opened on the seat before her, and spreading the honey on the biscuit, ate them with a keen schoolgiri relish and a pleasant suggestion of a sylvan picnic, in spite of the cold.

the biscuit, are them with a keen schoolgirl relish and a pleasant suggestion of a sylvan plenic, in spite of the cold. it was all very strange; quite an experience for her to speak of afterward. People would hardly believe that she had spent an hour or two, all alone, in a destread wagon in a mountain snow pass. It was sit adventure such as one reads of in the magazines. Only something was lacking which the imagazines always supplied—something heroic—something done by something heroic—something done by something heroic—something done by something heroic—something done by something the strangle was something the strangle was something the strangle was sonly different. But he was probably gorging heefsteak or venison with her father and Mr. Waterhouse—men were always such seinsh

that horrible gold ring—why such a ring?—was only different! But he was probably gorging beefsteak or venison with her father and Mr. Waterhouse—men were always such sellish creatures!—and had quite forgotten all about her. It would only have been decent for them to have brought her down something hot; biscuits and honey were certainly cloying, and somenow didn't agree with the temperature. She was really half starved! And much they cared! It would just serve them right it something did happen to her—or seemed to happen to her—if only tofrighten them. And the pretty face that was turned up in the moonlight wore a charming but decided pout.

Good gracious! What was that? The horses were either struggling or fighting in their snow shelters. Then one, with a frightened neigh, broke from its halter and dashed into the read, only to be plunged snorting and helpless into the drifts. Then one, with a frightened heigh, broke from its halter and dashed into the read, only to be plunged snorting and helpless into the drifts. Then the other followed! How silly! Something had frightened them. Perhaps only a rabbit or a mole; horses were such absurdly nervous creatures! However, it was just as well—somebody would see them or hear them—that neigh was really quite human and awful—and they would hurry down to see what was the matter. She couldn't be expected to get out and look after the horses in the snow. Anyhow, she wouldn't! She was a good deal safer where she was—it might have been rate or mice about that frightened them. Goodness!

She was still watching with curious wonder the continued fright of the animals when sud-

friintened them. Goodness!

She was still watching with curious wonder the continued fright of the animals when suddenly she felt the wagon half bumped half lifted, from behind. It was such a lazy, deliberate movement that for a moment she thought it came from the party who had returned noiselessly with the runners. She ecrambled over to the back seat, unbuttoned the leather curtain lifted it, but nothing was to be seen. Consequently, with feminine quickness, she said, "I see you perfectly. Mr. Waterhouse—don't be stilly!" But at this moment there was another shock to the wagon and from beneath it arose what at first seemed to her to be an uplifting of the drift liself, but as the snow was shaken away from its heavy bulk, proved to be the enormous head and shoulders of a bear!

Yet even then she was not wholly frightened, for the shout that confronted her had a feeble inoffensiveness; the small eyes were bright with an eager, almost childish curiosity, rather than a savage ardor, and the whole attitude of the creature lifted upon his hind lags was circuslike and ludicrous rather than aggressive. She was enabled to say with some dignity, "Go away—Shoo!" and to wave her luncheous basket at it with exemplary firmness. But here the creature laid one paw on the back seat as if to steady itself, with the singular effect of collapsing the whole side of the wagon, and then opened its mouth as if in some sort of inarticulate reply, But the revelation of its red tongue, its glistening teeth, and, above all, the hot, carnivorous fune of its breath, brough the first scream from the lips of Miss Amy. It was real and convincing: the horses idned in it; the three screamed together! The bear hesitated for an instant, then, catching sight of the honey pod on the front seat, which the shrinking back of the young girt had disclosed he slowly reached torward his other naw and attempted to grass it. This exceedingly simple movement, bowever, at once doubled up the front seat, and dropped Miss Amy propon her knees in the bed of the

movement, however, at once doubled up the front seat, sent the honey put a dozen feet into the air, and dropped Miss Amy upon her knees in the bed of the wagon. The combined mental and physical shock was too much for her; she ustantly and sincerely fainted; the last thing in her cars aim of this wreck of matter being the "whirp" of a builet and the crack of a rifle.

She recovered her consciousness in the flickering light of a fire of bark that played upon the rafters of a roof thatched with bark and upon a floor of strewn and shredded bark. She even suspected she was lying upon a mattress of hark underneath the heavy bearskin she could feel and touch. She had a delicious sense of warmth, and mingled with a strange spicing of woodiand freedom, even a sense of home protection. And, surely enough, looking around, she saw her father ather side.

He briefly explained the situation. They had been at first attracted by the cry of the horses and their plunging, which they could see distinctly, aithough they saw nothing else.

"But, Mr. Tenbrook"

"Mr. Who;" said Amy, staring at the rafters. The owner of this cabin—the man who helped us—caught up his gun, and, cailing us to follow, ran like lightning down the trail. At first we followed blindly and unknowingly, for we could only see the struggling horses, who, however, seemed to be alone, and the wagon from which you did not seem to have stirred. Then for the first time, my dear child, we suddenly saw your danger. Imagine how we felt as that hidrous brute rose up in the road and began attacking the wagot. We called on Tenbrook to fire but for some inconceivable reason he did not, although he still kept running at the top of his speed. Then we heard you shriek—" "I didn't shriek, papa; it was the horses."

"We,i. it was only a very little scream because I had tumbled." The color was coming back rapidly to her pink cheeks.

"And then, at your scream, Tenbrook fired!— twas a wonderful shot for the distance, so everybody says—and killed the bear, though Tenbrook is had bee

"Oh!"
And then, as the wagon required some re-maring from the brute's attack, we concluded take it leisurely, and let you rest here for while."

a while."
And where is—where are they?"
"At work on the wagon. I determined to stay with you, though you are perfectly safe "I suppose I ought to thank—this man, papa?"
"I suppose I ought to thank—this man, papa?"
"Must certain!, though, of course, I have aiready done so. But he was rather curl in reply.
These half-savage men have such singular ideas,

He said the beast would never have attacked you except for the honey pot which it seemted. That's absurd."

"Then it's all my fault?"

"Nonsense! How could you know?"

"And I've made all this trouble. And frightened the horses. And spoilt the wagon. And made the man run down and bring me up here when he didn't want to."

"My dear child! Don't be idiotic! Amy! Well, really!"

For the idiotic one was really wiping two large tears from her lovely blue eyes. She sub-Well, really:"
For the idiotic one was really wiping two large tears from her lovely blue eyes. She subsided into an omnous silence, broken by a single muffle. "Try to go to sleep, dear; you've had quite a shock to your nerves," aided her father soothlogly. Sho continued silent, but not sleeping.

not sleeping.
"I smell coffee."
"Yes, dear."
"You've been having coffee, papa?"
"You've been having coffee, papa?"
"We did have some, I think." said the wretched man, apologetically, though why he could not determine.
"Before I came up, while the bear was trying to eat me?"

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"Before I came up, while the bear was trying to eat me?"

"I've a horrid taste in my mouth, it's the honey. I'll never eat honey again. Never!"

"Perhaps it's the whiskey."

"What?"

"He whiskey. You were quite faint and chilled, you know. We gave you some."

"Out of—that—black—bottle?"

"Yes."

Another silence.

"I'd like some coffee. I don't think he'd begrudge me that, if he did save my life."

"I'd are say there's some left." Her father at once bestirred himself and presently brought her some coffee in a tea cup. It was part of Miss Amy's rapid convalescence, or equally of her debilitate contains the had presently brought a wondroas luxury of colors in the bark floor and thatchine. Besides it was not "smelly," as she feared it would be; on the contrary, the spley aroma of the woods was always dominant. She remembered that it was this that always made a creasy, oily plone tolerable. She raised horself on her elbow, seeing which her father continued confidentity: "Perhaps, dear, if you sat up for a few moments you might be strong enough presently to walk down with me to the wagon. It would save time.

Amy instantly la down again. "I don't have wat a time."

"Nonense. Amy. Of course, this man Tenhook will carry you down as he brought you alone, only I throught a brook was lawyed with the wood realing in the merhaps I might crawl a few sieps at a time."

"Nonense. Amy. Of course, this man Tenhook will carry you down as he brought you up. Only I throught—but there are steps; they are coming now. No: it is only be."

"The sound of crackling in the underbrush was followed by a momentary darkening of the open door of the cabin. It was the tall figure of the mountaineer. But he did not even make the preference of entering. Standing at the door, he delivered his news to the interior generally. It was to the effect that everything was ready, and the two or men were harnessing the horse."

"I'm seven me have a standing at the door, he delivered him a few what she wished she would have felt this less keenly; love makes little room for the exercise of moral ethics. So Miss Amy Forester, being a good girl at bottom, and not exactly loving this man, felt toward him a frank and tender consideration which a more romantic person would have shrunk from showing. Consequently, when Tenbrook entered a moment later, he found Amy paler and more thoughtful, but, as he fancied, much prettier than before, looking up at him with eyes of the succrest solicitude.

Nevertheless, he remained standing near the door, as if indicating a possible intrusion, his face wearing a lock of lowering abstraction. It struck her that this might be the effect of his long hair and general uncoutness, and this only spurred her to a fuller recognition of his other qualities.

only spurred her to a faller recognition of his other qualities.

"I am afraid," she began with a charming embarrassment, "that instead of resting satisfied with your kindness in carrying me up here. I will have to burden you again with my dreadful weakness, and ask you to carry me down also. But all this seems so little after that you have just done—and for which I can never, never hope to thank you." She clasped her two little hands together, holding her cloves between and brought them down upon her lap in a jesture as prettily helpiess as it was unaffected.

"I have done scarcely anything." he said, glancing away toward the fire, "and—your father has thanked me."

"You have saved my life."

"You have saved my life."
"You have saved my life."
"No no!" he said. "Not that! You were in no danger, except from my rifle, had I missed."

"No! no!" he said. "Not that! You were in no danger, except from my rifle, had I missed." I see, "she said eagerly, with a little post-humous thrill of having been after all a kind of heroine, "and it was a wonderful shot, for you were so careful not to touch me." "Please don't say any more." he said, with a slight movement of half awkwardness, half impatience. "It was a rough job, but it's over." He stopped and chafed his red hands abstractedly together. She could see that he had evidently just washed them—and the graring ring was more in evidence than ever. But the thought gave her an inspiration.

"You'll at least let me shake hands with you!" she said, extending both her own with childish frankness.

"Hold on, Miss Forester," he said, with sudden desperation. "It ain't the square thing! Look here. I can't play this thing on you—I can't let you play it on me any longer! You wasn't in any danger—you never were! That bear was only a half-wild thing I helped to r'ar myself. It's taken sugar from my hand night after night at the door of this cabin as it might have taken it from yours here if it was allive now. It slept night after night in the brush, not fifty yards away. The morning's never came yet—till now." he said, hastily, to cover am odd break in his volce, "when it didn't brush along the whole blivide who indn't know it; thar am't a man along the whole blivide who indn't know it; thar am't a man along the whole blivide who indn't know it; thar am't a man along the whole blivide who indn't know it; thar am't a man along the whole blivide who indn't know it; thar am't a man along the whole of it, it wasn't much to meet a lady's eye; but we of the woods must take our frieude where we find 'em, and of our own kind. It ain't no fault of yours what happened; but whon it comes to your thanking me for it. why, it's rather rough you are—and gets me." He stopped short as desirently and as abruptly as he had begun, and stared blankly at the Bre. A wave of pity and shame sweet over the young girl and left its high t

when it comes to your thanking me for it, why, it's rather rough you are and gets me." He stopped short as desperately and as abruptly as he had begun, and stared blankly at the fire.

A wave of pity and shame swept over the young girl and left its high tide on her cheek, But even then it was closely followed by the feminine instinct of defence and defance. The real here the gentleman—she reasoned bitterly, would have spared her this knowledge.

"But why," she said, with knitted brows, "why, if you knew it was so precious and so harmless—why did you fire upon it?"

"Because." he said, almost fiercely turning upon her, because you screamed, and then I knew it had frightened you." He stopped instantly, as she momentarily recoiled from him, but the very brusquences of his action had dislodged a tear from his dark eyes that fell warm on the back of her hand and seemed to blot out the indignity. "Listen, miss," he went on hurricelly, as if to cover up his momentary unmanimess. "I knew the bear was missing to-night, and when I heard the horses skerrying about i reckined what was up. I knew no harm would come to you for the horses were unharnessed and away from the wagon. I pelted down that trail ahead of them all like grim death, calkilatin' to get there before the bear; they wouldn't have understood me; I was too high up to call to the creature when he did come out, and I kinder hoped you wouldn't see him. Even when he turned toward the wagon I knew it wasn't you he was after, but suthin' else, and I kinder hoped you wouldn't see him. Even when he turned toward the wagon I knew it wasn't you he was after, but suthin' else, and I kinder hoped you wouldn't see him. Even when he turned toward the wagon I knew it wasn't you he was after, but suthin' else, and I kinder hoped you wouldn't see him. Even when he turned toward the wagon I knew it wasn't you he was after, but suthin' else, and I kinder hoped, Miss, that you being different and the hore, him he was her had wouldn't hear it is allower and he will be them? I sto

tears may be apt to mingle. So Miss Amy Forester said: "O. wait, please! Sit down a moment. O. Mr. Tenbrook. I am so very, very corry," and, clapping her hand to her eyes, burst into tears.

"O. please please don't. Miss Forester," said Jack, sitting down on the bunk with frightened eyes, "please don't do that! It ain't worth it. I'm only a brute to have said snything."

"No, no! You are so noble! so forgiving!" sobbed Miss Forester, "and I have made you go and kill the only thing you cared for, that was all your own."

sobbed Miss Forester, "and I have made you go and kill the only thing you cared for, that was all your own."

"No, Miss- not all my own, either—and that makes it so rough. For it was only left in trust with me by a friend. It was her only companion."

"Her only companion?" echoed Miss Forester, lifting her bowed head.

"Except," said Jack, hurriedly, miscompreheading the emphasis with masculine fatuity—"except the dying man for whom sie lived and sacrificed her whole life. She gave me this ring, to slways remind me of my trust. I suppose," he added, ruefully looking down upon it, "it's no use now. I'd better take it off."

Then Amy eyed the monstrous object with angelle simulicity. "I certainly should," she said, with infanic sweetness: "It would only remind you of your loss. But, "she added, with a sudden, swift, imploring look of he reyes, "if you could part with it to me, it would besue a reminder and token of of your ferreiveness."

Jack instantly handed it to her. "And now," he said, "let me carry you down."

I think," she said hesitatingly, "that—I had better try to walk," and she felt herself lifted in the air, smelt the bark thatch within an inch of her nose, saw the firelight vauish behind her, and subsiding into his curved arms as in a hammeck, the two passed forth into the night together.

"I can find your bracelet nowhere, Amy,"

behind her, and subsiding into his curved arms as in a hammeck, the two passed forth into the night together.

"I can find your bracelet nowhere, Amy," said her father, when they reached the wagon. "It was on the floor in the hut," said Amy carclessly. "That was what dotained us," My pun halts with some diffidence between two conclusions to this veracious chronicle. As they agree in result though not in theory or intention I may venture to give them both. To one coming from the lips of the charming heroine herself I naturally yield the precedence. "Oh, the bear story! I don't really remember whether that was before I was engaged to John or after. But I had known him for some time; father introduced him at the Governor's ball at Sacramento. Let me see! I think it was in the winter of '56. Yes! It was very amusing; I always used to charge John with having trained that bear to attack our carriage so that he might come in as a hero.' Oh, of course, there are a hundred abauril stories about him—they used to say that he lived all alone in a cabin like a sawage, and all that sort of thing, and was a friend of a rather dubious woman in the locality, whom the common people made a heroine of Miggles or Wiggles, or some such preposterous name. But look at John there—can you conceive it." The listener, glancing at a very handsome, clean-shaven fellow, faultiessly attired, could not conceive such absurdity. So I therefore simply give the opinion of Joshua Bizley, superintendent of the Long Divide Tunnel Company, for what it is worth.

"I never took much stock in that bear tory, and its entireating old Forester's

of the Long Divide Tunnel Company, for what it is worth.

"I never took much stock in that bear story, and its captivating old Forester adaughter. Old Forester knew a thing or two, and when he was out here consolidating tunnels, he found out that Jack Tenbrook was about headed for the big lead and brought him out and introduced him to Amy. You see, Jack, clear grit as he was, was mighty rough style, and about as simple as they make 'em, and they had to get up something to account for that girl's taking a shine to him. But they seem to be happy enough—and what are you going to do about?"

And with this philosophic query I commend And with this philosophic query I commend them to the reader

HUNTING GEESE IN CALIFORNIA. Where Dr. Seward Webb's Party Bagged 273 Birds in Two Days.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. BAKERSVILLE, Cal., Nov. 8. Hunting wild ese on the plains and along the Missouri and Mississippi River bottom lands is great sport, but there are scores of hunters in Southern California, and especially in the San Joaquin Valley, who say that nowhere else in the United States are there better geese and duck preserves than in this region. Out here it is a sport replete with incident, and a recreation that one must experience to appreciate.

In the months of October and November there are scores of flocks of wild geese, numbering 2,000 and 3,000 each, that pass over this sec-2,000 and 3,000 each, that pass over this section in their migration from British America to the Mexican and Central American lagoons. On some days at this season there are to be seen in the little coves and marshy bays that indent the coast of Southern California thousands of wild geese, squawking, diving, and "lionk-honking" on the surface of the water. They feed upon the wheat and barley left on the ground by the careless threshers in the ground by the careless threshers in the grangarain Belds of that region. Hundreds of men and boys, who can shoot, turn out annually at this season to have a day or two of sport in shooting wild game. There have been days when as many as a thousand wild geese have been "tumbled over" in a single locality, and it is estimated that there have been many days when several thousands of the birds have been slain by henters here and there in Southern California. Still there is no diminution in the number of the greese, and each year the flocks are just as frequent and as large.

At about the middle of October each year the professional greese hunter of California fixes a station among the rank grasses end tuies about the shores of the marshy bays, and especially the muddy alkali lakes, in preparation for the coming of the migrating birds from the North. As surely as the last of October roils around the birds begin to arrive, and the hunter starts upon his campaign of shooting. There is no game quite so wary as the Pacific coast geese, and it requires rare patience, some exposure and unusual knowle igent the habits of the birds to be able to get them in great quantities to supply the markets. When tion in their migration from British America

the habits of the birds to be able to set them in great quantities to supply the markets. When the habits of the birds to be able to set them in great quantities to supply the markets. When the habits of the birds of the habits of the set of them the cashed bookint. As all years of them the seeks is always on the alert for danger, he will then appreciate the necessity of lying very low when he seeks to get within gunshot of wild seese. They cannot be footed like ducks. They are entirely devoid of curiosity, and take many things for granted without stopping to investigate, earlierly devoid of curiosity, and take many things for granted without stopping to investigate, earlierly devoid of curiosity, and take many things for granted without stopping to investigate, earlierly devoid of curiosity, and take many things for granted without stopping to investigate, earlierly devoid of curiosity in the set of the water in the daytime, although it keeps close to it, and generally follows a water course during most of its flight. When it settles for a night's rest it generally seeks open water, but is up at dawn and away.

This best locality in southern California to bay 75 or 100 wild greese a day by a grant who bay 75 or 100 wild greese a day by a grant who is all lake and the moment erricating exercises of mud in Kern county, where over 10,000 acres of wheat fields lie adjacent. When the day is insky and the clouds some low down toward the earth is considered by experienced hunters to be the best time to get shots that tell, for the greese will not altempt to make long flights unless the lookout can see the surroundings of control of the construction of any kind grow. Sometimes they drow what tell, for the greese will not altempt to make long flights unless the lookout can see the surroundings of control the night unon gravel and sand, bars, where no willows or vegetation of any kind grow. Sometimes they drow on the direct of the sand bars, where no will be a day of the direct of the sand bars, where no call the centre

JOHN BROUGHAM'S JOKE.

A Story of Earlier Bays. Fifty years in journalistic harness brings man in contact with most of the celebrities of that period, scientific, literary, political, and dramatic. Curtis Guild of Boston, editor of the Commercial Bulletin of that city, in giving his experiences in "A Chat About Celebrities," just published, tells the following good story of one of John Brougham's charac teristic jokes:

"THIS HOUSE TO BE SOLD."

I'was witness to one of Brougham's dramatic practical jokes, which, with its sequel, is quite amusing and worth chronicling in these papers. It was during Brougham's engagement at the Howard Athenseum that he announced for his benefit two attractive comedies, and be tween these the announcement was made that new and original production would be brought out, entitled "This House to Be Sold." As usual at Brougham's benefits, the house was crowded.

After the representation of the first comedy. and when the orchestra had played an entr acte, the audience were surprised by loud voices and an unwanted disturbance behind the curtain, which increased, and the stage manager rushed in an excited manner before the curtain.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I regret to state that a member of the company who was to appear in the next piece has come to the theatre in such an after-dinner condition

He got no further, for a well-known mem ber of the company rushed upon the stage in an excited manner with: "Ladies and gentlemen, am I in an after

dinner condition?"
"No! no!" "Yes!" "Go on with the play and various other responses came from the audience. Then entered the manager, who addressing himself to the speakers, said:

"Gentlemen, I insist that you retire." "Not till I have an apology from him," said the irate actor.
"Go off, all of you," said a respectable elder-

y looking man, rising in the private boxes; this audience came to see the play, and not to settle actors' quarrels." "Oh, father, sit down, do" said a young

ady with the speaker who attracted the attention of the whole audience. For myself, I recognized in the voice of the

elderly gentleman W.H.Curtis, one of the stock company, and the daughter as Miss Josephine Orton, another, and I at once began to scent a Just then an uproarious, evidently intoxicated Irishman in the parquet jumped up and flourishing a stick shouted:

"Bedad, I'll perform a part meself if ye don't bring out Brougham." "Will the officer remove that man?" said

the manager, from the stage.

A policeman came down, selzed the offending Pat by the collar, and began to drag him away, when the elderly gentleman again interposed:

'The Irishman is all right; let him alone!' By this time the audience were beginning to get in confusion, cries of "Go on," "Put him out," resounding, and come of the ladies beguing their escorts to leave for fear of a disturbance. At this juncture, the manager, addressing himself to the elderly speaker, said: "Perhaps you would, like your Irish friend

to appear here." "I have no doubt he would make a better job of it than you do," was the reply, amid s peal of laughter.

At this point the Hibernian, who had extricated himself from the officer's clutches, ran down the sisle, climbed over the orchestra. hitting the kettledrum a tremendous thump en route, and, amid laughter and shouts of the auditors, mounted and stood upon the stage, hat in Land, in an easy attitude.

The moment he did so, and uttered the words Ladies and gentlemen," the confusion ceased and save way to shouts of laughter and ap-plause, as he was recognized as John Brougham, who spoke thus:
"Ladies and gentlemen, I promised you an

"Ladies and gentlemen, I promised you an original production on the occasion of my benefit; it was, "This House to Be Sold," and if this house has not been sold, please inform me, and the sell shall be more complete on some other occasion."

The sequel to this is quite amusing. Several months afterward Brougham was interested with Burton in the management of the Chambers Street Theatre, New York, where they were both very successful, especially in a dramatization of "Dombey & Son," in which Burtin did Cont. Cuttle, Brougham, Joe Raystock and Jock Burstoy, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Stewton; George Jordan, Carker, &c.
When Brougham's benefit night came round he proposed to repeat for a New York audience his "House to be Sold," but on explaining it to Burton, that worthy objected to it as "a piece of illegitimate nonsense." However, after some discussion he said: FUN IN NEW YORK.

of illegitimate nonsense." However, after some discussion he said:

Well, go ahead, Brougham, it is your benefit, and it will not be my fault if you spoil it with such trush."

Brougham "went ahead," the announcement was made, a full house was in attendance, and all went on as previously in Boston. The audience was thoroughly deceived, but it chanced that when the police officer in front was summoned to eject the supposed frishman from the audience, that official, not having been sufficiently posted, supposed the parry in question to be a genuine disturber, and dragged him with considerable violence toward the door.

and the door.
"Let me go! Let me go." said the actor
in an undertone. "I am Mr. Brougham."
"No yer dun't," said the officer. "You go
out of here."

"No yer don't," said the officer, "You go out of here."

And it was not until the comedian was dragged nearly to the door, and a couple of ushers had some to his assistance, that he was released from the clutches of the officer whom he had so cleverly deceived.

Next morning in the greenroom Brougham, in speaking of the success of his sell, plumed himself upon his deceit of the officer.

"Fudge," said Burton, "the fellow is an ansa-ought to have known you were an actor. I can always tell an actor after seeing him on the stage as far as I can see him."

Brougham shrugged his shoulders and said rothing.

the stage as far as I can see him."

Brougham shrugged his shoulders and said rothing.

Burton was very strict in his prohibition of any smoking in or about the theatre, and especially in the entrance lobby. In those days the cigarette nuisance had not been invented, and young men did not have to go out between the acts of the play to smoke them, so that "No smoking" was enforced and respected. The stage door to the old Chambers S. reet Theatre in New York was within twenty paces of the principal entrance, two steps led up to it, and a little jog or niche at one side was at the corner of the building.

A few days after the conversation above recited Burton came down one evening to the theatre just after dark, and, as he was about to enter the stage door, found to his surprise the niche at the side occupied by a burly Irishman in a big, rough cost and slouch hat, smoking a short, I lack pine—of sil things, Burton's especial abomination. Drawing back in intense disgust, he shouted:

"Here, my nan, get away from here—move away."

"Divil a bit!" growled the intruder.

"Here, my han, get when the intruder, emit-sway!"
"Divil a bit!" growled the intruder, emit-ting a cloud toward Burton that made him lraw further back in disgust.
"What do you want here?" ejaculated the

ting a cloud toward Hurton that made him iraw further back in disgust.

"What do you want here?" ejaculated the manager.

"Sure, I'm waiting for Mr. Brougham," was the growled reply.

"Well, Mr. Brougham does not play till the second piece. Go away and come back at 9 o'clock."

"Divil a bit," growled the intruder, "till I see Mr. Brougham."

"If you do not start, I will call the officer," said the now irate manager, as two or three bystanders paused to see what was the matter.

"Call him, and bad luck to yez."

This was passing all bounds of endurance. Stepping to the outer corridor of the theatre. Burton summoned the officer, the same one whom Brougham had so successfully deceived.

"Here, Blikem, haven' I told you to always keep this stage door clear, and yet here is an infernal frishman smoking his nasty pipe directly across the threshold!"

The officer came out promptly. "Now, then, start out of this," said Burton.

"Divil a bit," was the gruff reply.

"Pull him out," said Burton to the officer, who approached, cane in hand, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the offender.

Much to their surprise, however, he started up, threw his pipe into the gutter, and, pulling off his slouch hat and a wig as he advanced into the giare of the gaslights, said to the astoniahed manager, in well-known tones:

"Mr. Burton, do you think, after seeing him on the stage, you can always tell an actor as far as you can see him?"

"Upon my word," said the surprised Burton, "that was very well played."

"Thanks." replied Brougham; "sometimes a manager can be sold as well as an audience."

Brougham died Jun 7, 1880, in New York, He was buried in Greenwood Cemstery, and the 'ollowing epitaph, by William Winter, was placed upon the monument erected to his memory:

Humor that every sorrow could beguite.

The tear that trembles just before the smile.

placed upon the menument erected at memory;
Humor that every sorrow could beguile.
The tear that trembles just before the smile.
The soul to pity and the hand to cheerVirius and wit and kindness slumber here.
His leye made sunshine wheresoe'er is shone,
and frie is darkened now that he is gone.

THE STORY OF A HOAX.

Mow "Lying Tom Barrett's" Yarn About the Mohlean's Luns Came to Se Told.

Very many persons may remember the story that was telegraphed and cabled all over the world in the summer of 1805 of the sinking of the United States revenue cutter Mehican by the British scal pirate Belle of the Pacific. somewhere in that indefinite part of the north Pacific Ocean known to all Alaskans as " the westward." Not so many probably will re-member that the story was a fake, because it is the lamentable history of such things that the truth never completely overtakes the lie. It was a lie out of whole cloth, as was demon-strated when the Mobican turned up all right that fail at the end of the patrol season, but the manner of its publication has not been told.

This lie began to have its being years ago when the steamers first began to take tourists from "down below," as Alaskans call the States, up through the gorgeous scenery of the north Pacific coast line for a peep at the northern erritory. As a usual thing the tourists spend eight or ten hours ashore at Juneau and as such more in Sitka. Sometimes they make a dash up to Muir glacier. Altogether they see a lot of the country in a panoramic sort of way, and they hear a great deal more about it. It is

EDDY'S CAMERA AT NIGHT.

THE KITE-FLYER'S EXPERIMENTS IN OUTDOOR PROTOGRAPHY.

ome Remarkable Achtevements with the Remarkable Armietember Baye-Buildings, Occupants, and Passers-by "Taken" with Fidelity-Row It is Done. Another new era in the art of photography has been inaugurated through experiments conducted by William A. Eddy of Bayonne, N. J., the expert kite-flyer and corologist, who was the first person in America to take landscape phetographs from midair by means of a camera suspended from a kite cord. Outdoor photography at night by means of arc electric light rays is Mr. Eddy's latest achievement.

The few experiments in night photography by means of electric light rays have developed

several remarkable facts. It is possible for any person to take a camera, put the instrument on a tripod or some other suitable resting place, set the mechanism for a "time shot" or exposure of more or less duration with the lens focusing a spot illuminated by are electric light dash us to Morg facter. Allower her make a lot of the country in a nanoramic sort of war, and they here a great deal more about it. It is also possible to the country in a nanoramic sort of war, and they here a great deal more about it. It is provided that the state is a retrieved to the present the per back to the States again the tourists begin to unfold to their friends and their friends relocated and to their great and to any body who will listen, particularly to over-them. The third was also the state of the state rays, leave the camera alone, walk to the place to be photographed, pose there, walk out of range and back to the camera, close the shutter, and thus photograph himself or herself at will.

besides, and invariably when I should least have expected such an encounter. Of all the here-there-and-everywhere fellows I have ever known he was the most nomadic. Very likely fellows the here-there-and-everywhere fellows I have ever known he was the most nomadic. Very likely fellows the here-there-and-everywhere fellows I have every fellows. I have every fellows in the North Sea.

If first awy Jone's Locker." He went down in the North Sea.

If first awy Jone's Locker." He was down in the North Sea.

If first awy Jone's Locker." He was down in the North Sea.

If first awy Jone's Locker." He was down in the North Sea.

If first awy Jone's Locker." He was down in the North Sea.

If first awy Jone's Locker. He was a time was a bachelor—neither dissipated nor an ascetic—always duck never surrossed, and yet with a personal smile which seemed to say. "I can't do name have an opinion. Derhaps that was three fended an opinion. Perhaps that was three fended an opinion. Perhaps that was three fended an opinion. Perhaps that was three how an opinion. Perhaps that was three how and the perhaps that the said of the last stream of the Langtan milest, London, William rose of the Langtan milest, London, William for the Langtan distribution of a chair and greated me so calmy that a second milest than the said of the Langtan milest, London, William for the Langtan milest, London, Willi